

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleanse. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deserued prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleanse. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.

Orleanse. Your Mistresse beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Const. You haue good iudgement in Horseman-ship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horse to my Mistresse.

Const. I had as liue haue my Mistresse a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

Const. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Dolph. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement est la lenye lancee au boumbier: thou mak'st vse of any thing.*

Const. Yet doe I not vse my Horse for my Mistresse, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Const. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Const. Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

Const. I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

Const. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orleanse. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleanse. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Const. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orleanse. He is simply the most active Gentleman of France.

Const. Doing is actiuite, and he will still be doing.

Orleanse. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orleanse. I know him to be valiant.

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleanse. What's hee?

Const. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleanse. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orleanse. Ill will neuer sayd well.

Const. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orleanse. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Const. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orleanse. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Const. You haue shot ouer.

Orleanse. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fiftene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman, Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longe not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleanse. What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orleanse. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare such heauie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Island of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleanse. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crushed like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakfast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Const. Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleanse. I.

Orleanse. I, but these English are shrowdly out of Beefe.

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

Orleanse. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of cyther Army lilly sounds;
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaille sees the others vंबर'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Rieters vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
Inuesting lank-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maicstie:
That euery Wretch, pinning and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that msane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battaille flye:
Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.
Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford: God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end:
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.
Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pauillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble Harry. *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st chearefully. *Enter Pistol.*

Pist. *Che vous la?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?

King. Euen so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperour.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift most valiant: I kisse his durtic shooe, and from heart-string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Lecke about his Pate vpon S. Davies day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, least he knock that about yours.

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Pist. Art